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# Junior Recital: Elizabeth Calabro, soprano

Elizabeth Calabro

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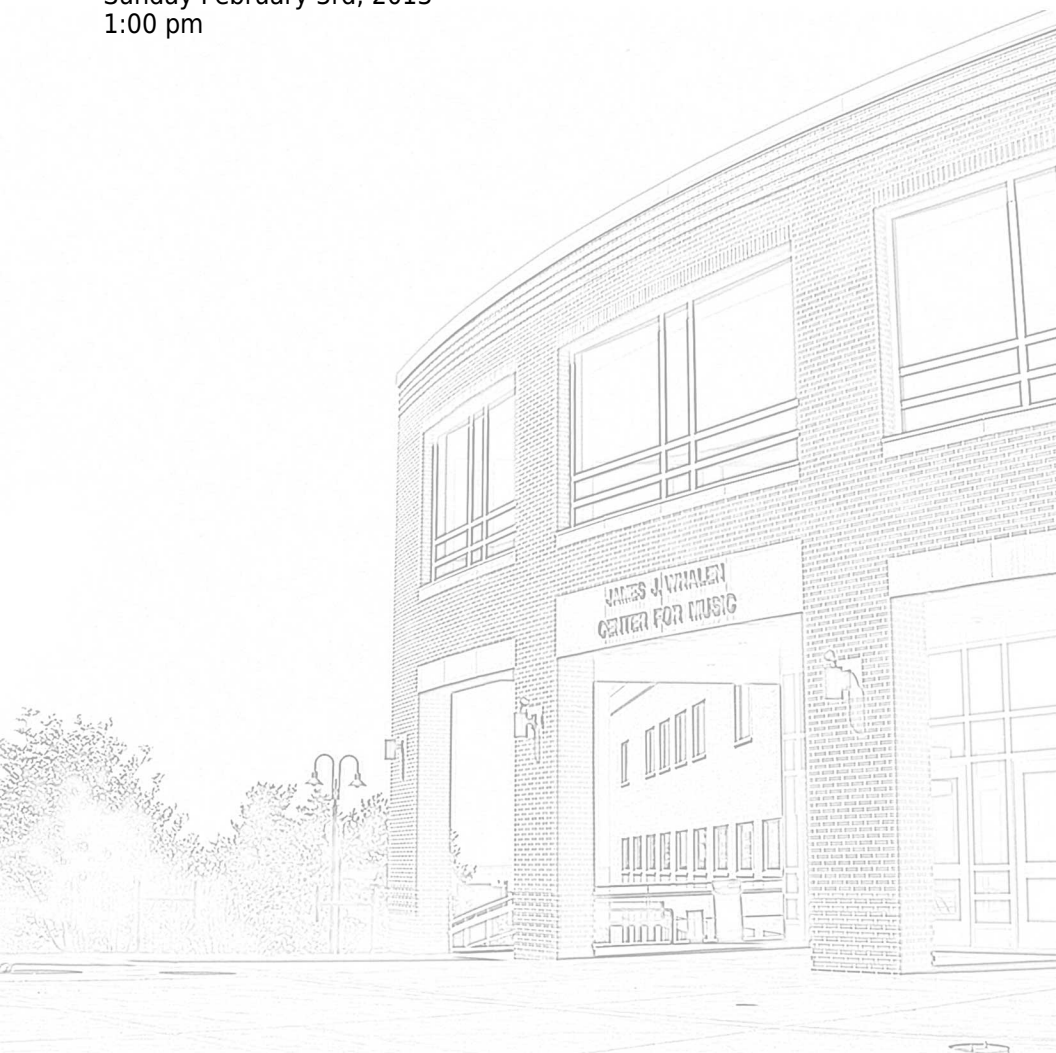
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# Junior Recital

Elizabeth Calabro, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday February 3rd, 2013  
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

## Program

Laudate Dominum

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Il mio bel foco

Benedetto Marcello  
(1686-1739)

O del mio dolce ardor

Christoph Willibald von Gluck  
(1714-1787)

Standchen  
Lachen Und Weinen  
Du Bist Die Ruh

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

## Intermission

Lydia  
Rencontre  
Audieu

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1942)

Let Us Garlands Bring Op.18  
1. Come Away, Come Away Death  
3. Fear No More The Heat O' The Sun  
5. It Was A Lover And His Lass

Gerald Finzi  
(1901-1956)

Can't Help Falling In Love

Hugo Peretti  
Luigi Creatore  
George David Weiss

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree BM Vocal Performance. Elizabeth Calabro is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

## Translations

### Laudate Dominum

Laudáte Dóminum ómnes  
géntes  
Laudáte éum ómnes pópuli.  
Quóniam confirmáta est  
supérnos misericórdia éjus  
Et véritas Dómini mánet in  
aetérnum.

### Praise the Lord

Praise the Lord all nations  
Praise the Lord all people  
For confrimed is His heavenly  
mercy  
And the truth of the Lord  
endures in eternity.

### Il mio bel foco

Il mio bel foco,  
O lontano o vicino ch'esser  
poss'io,  
Senza cangiar mai tempore  
per voi,  
Care pupille, ardrea sempre.

### My ardent fire

My ardent fire,  
Whether far or near I am  
from you,  
My love for you will never  
change,  
Dear eyes, I will desire you  
always.

Quella fiamma che  
m'accende,  
Piace tanto all'anima mia,  
Che giammai s'estinguerá.

This flame that inflames me,  
Is pleasing so much to my  
soul,  
That it will never be  
extinguished.

E se il fato a voi mi rende,  
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,  
Altra luce ella non vuole  
Né voler giammai potrà.

And if fate would return me  
to you,  
Lovely rays of my beautiful  
sun,  
Another light my soul does  
not want  
Nor ever could want.

## **O del mio dolce ardor**

O del mio dolce ardor  
  bramato oggetto!  
L'aura che tu respiri alfin  
  respiro.  
Ovunque il guardo io giro  
Le tue vaghe sembianze  
Amore in me dipinge,  
Il mio pensier si finge  
Le piú liete speranze;  
E nel desio che così m'empie  
  il petto.  
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e  
  sospiro!

## **O you are the object of my sweet desire**

O you are the object of my  
  sweet desire  
The air that you breath at  
  last I may breath.  
Wherever I turn my glance  
Your lovely features  
Love paints for me.  
My thoughts, they imagine  
The most happy hopes;  
And in the that fills my  
  breast.  
I seek you, I call you, I hope  
  and I sigh!

## **Stänchen**

Leise flehn meine Lieder  
Durch die Nacht zu dir,  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel  
  rauschen  
In des Mondes Licht,  
Des Verräters feindlich  
  Lauschen  
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen  
  schlagen?  
Ach! Sie flehen dich,  
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen

Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens  
  Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebesschmerz,

## **Serenade**

Softly plead my songs  
Through the night to you,  
Below in the quiet grove,  
Sweetheart, come to me!

Whispering, slender tree-tops  
  rustle  
In the moon's light,  
Of any betrayer's hostile  
  listening  
Fear, lovely one, not.

Do you hear the nightingales'  
  call?  
Ah, they are imploring you,  
With the tones of sweet  
  lamentation  
They plead to you for me.

They understand the heart's  
  longing,  
They know the pain of love,

Rühren mit den Silbertönen

Jades wuchs Herz.

Lass auch dir die Brust  
bewegen.

Liebchen, höre mich!

Bebend harr' ich dir  
entgegen!

Komm, beglücke mich!

They touch with their silver  
tones

Every tender heart.

Allow also your heart to be  
moved.

Sweetheart, hear me!

Trembling, I await you hear!

Come, make me happy!

### **Lachen und Weinen**

Lachen und Weinen zu  
jeglicher Stunde

Ruht bei der Leib auf so  
mancherlei Grunde.

Morgens lacht ich vor Lust,

Und warum ich nun weine

Bei des Abendes Scheine,

Ist mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu  
jeglicher Stunde

Ruht bei der Lie baud so  
mancherlei Grunde.

Abends weint ich vor  
Schmerz,

Und warum du erwachen

Kannst am Morgen mit  
Lachen,

Muss ich dich fragen, O Herz.

### **Laughing and Weeping**

Laughing and weeping at any  
hour

Is a part of love for so many  
reasons.

Mornings, I laughed for you,

And why do I now weep

In the evening's glow,

I myself don't even know.

Weeping and laughing at any  
hour

Is a part of love for so many  
reasons.

Evenings, I wept out of grief,

And why do you (my heart)  
awaken

In the morning with laughter,

I must ask you, oh my heart.

## **Du bist die Ruh**

Du bist die Ruh  
Der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du  
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir.  
Und schließe du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust!  
Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll es ganz!

## **You are the repose**

You are the repose  
The gentle peace,  
You are yearning  
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you  
Full of pleasure and pain  
As a dwelling here  
My eyes and heart.

Come to me,  
And close  
Quietly behind you  
The gates.

Drive other pain  
Out of this breast!  
Full may my heart be  
Of your joy.

This tabernacle of my eyes,  
By your radiance  
Alone is illumined,  
Oh fill it completely!

## Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues,  
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,

Roule étincelant  
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui lui est le  
meilleur;  
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.

Laisse tes baisers de  
colombe  
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans  
cesse  
Une odeur divine en ton sein;

Les délices comme un  
essaim,  
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse!

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes  
amours!

Mon âme en baisers m'est  
ravie.

O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,

Que je puisse mourir, mourir  
toujours!

## Lydia

Lydia, on your pink cheeks,  
And on your neck fresh and  
so white,

Rolls sparkling  
The liquid gold that you  
untie.

The day that shines in the  
best;  
Let us forget the eternal  
tomb.

Let your dovelike kisses  
Sing on your lips that  
blossom.

A hidden lily unceasingly  
disperses

A fragrance divine from  
within your breast;  
Delights like a swarm,

Emanate from you, young  
goddess!

I love you and die, on my  
love!

Your kisses have stolen my  
soul.

Oh, Lydia, give back to me  
my life,

That I may die, die always!



## Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand  
je t'ai rencontrée,  
Je sens moins aujourd'hui  
mon obstiné tourment;  
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme  
inespérée,  
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi  
vainement?

Ô, passante aux doux yeux,  
serais-tu donc l'amie

Qui rendrait le bonheur au  
poète isolé,  
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon  
âme affermie,  
Comme le ciel natal sur un  
coeur d'exilé!

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la  
mienne pareille,  
Aime à voir le soleil décliner  
sur la mer!  
Devant l'immensité ton  
extase s'éveille,  
Et le charm des soirs à ta  
belle âme est cher.

Une mystérieuse et douce  
sympathie  
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi  
comme un vivant lien,  
Et mon âme frémit, par  
l'amour envahie,  
Et mon coeur te chérit sans  
te connaître bien!

## Enconter

I was sad and pensive when I  
met you,  
I feel less today my  
persistent torment;  
Oh tell-me, could you be the  
woman unhopd for,  
And the ideal dream that I  
have pursued in vain?

Oh passer-by with gentle  
eyes, could you be the  
friend

Who would restore happiness  
to the lonely poet,  
And will you shine upon my  
soul strengthened,  
Like the native sky on the  
heart of an exile?

Your timid sadness, similar to  
my own,  
Loves to watch the sun set  
on the sea!  
Your ecstasy is awakened  
before its vastness,  
And the charm of the  
evening is dear to your  
lovely soul.

A mysterious and gentle  
sympathy  
Already chains me to you like  
a living bond;  
And my soul trembles,  
overcome by love,  
And my heart cherishes you,  
without knowing you well!

## Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la  
rose declose,  
Et les frais manteaus diaprés  
des prés,  
Les longs siupire, les  
bien-aimées,  
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger  
changer  
Plus vite que les flots des  
grèves,  
Nos rêves!  
Plus vite que le givre en  
fleurs,  
Nos coeurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,  
cruelle,  
Mais hélas! les plus longs  
amours sont courts!  
Et je dis en quittant vis  
charmes, sans larmes,  
Presqu'au moment de mon  
avue,  
Adieu!

## Farewell

How everything dies quickly,  
the rose in bloom,  
And the fresh colored mantle  
of the meadows,  
The long sighs, loved ones,  
Gone up in smoke!

One sees in this fickle world  
change  
More quickly than the waves  
on the shore,  
Our dreams!  
More quickly than the frost  
on the flowers,  
Our hearts!

I believed I would be faithful  
to you, cruel one,  
But alas! The longest loves  
are shore!  
And I say on taking leave of  
your charms,  
Almost at the moment of my  
avowal,  
Farewell!

## **Come Away, Come Away, Death**

Come away, come away,  
death,  
And in sad cypress let me  
be laid.  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel  
maid.

My shroud of white, stuck  
all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so  
true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower  
sweet,  
On my black coffin let  
there be strown.  
Not a friend, not a friend  
greet  
My poor corpse, where my  
bones shall be thrown.

A thousand, thousand sighs  
to save,  
Lay me, O, where sad true  
lover never find my  
grave,  
To weep there!

## **Fear No More The Heat O' The Sun**

Fear no more the heat o'  
the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's  
rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast  
done,

*(Fear No More...cont'd)*  
Home art gone, and ta'en  
thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all  
must,  
As chimney-sweepers,  
Come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o'  
the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's  
stroke:  
Care no more to clothe and  
eat;  
To thee the reed is as the  
oak:  
The scepter, learning,  
physic,  
Must all follow this, and  
come to dust.

Fear no more the  
lighting-flash,  
Nor the all dreaded  
thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure  
rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and  
moan:  
All lovers young,  
All lovers must consign to  
thee,  
And come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm  
thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near  
thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy  
grave!

## **It Was A Lover And His Lass**

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a  
hey nonino  
That o'er the green  
cornfield did pass  
In spring time,  
The only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing,  
Hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the  
spring.

Between the acres of the  
rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a  
hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks  
would lie,  
In spring time,  
The only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing,  
Hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the  
spring.

This carol they began that  
hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a  
hey nonino,  
How that life was but a  
flower  
In spring time,  
The only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing,  
Hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the  
spring.

*(It Was a Lover...cont'd)*  
And therefore take the  
present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a  
hey nonino,  
For love is crowned with  
the prime  
In spring time,  
The only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing,  
Hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the  
spring!

## **Can't Help Falling In Love**

Wise men say only fools  
rush in,  
But I can't help falling in  
love with you.

Shall I stay?  
Would it be a sin if I can't  
help  
Falling in love with you?

Like a river flows  
Surely to the sea,  
Darling, so it goes.  
Something's are meant to  
be.

Take my hand,  
Take my whole life too.  
For I can't help falling in  
love with you.